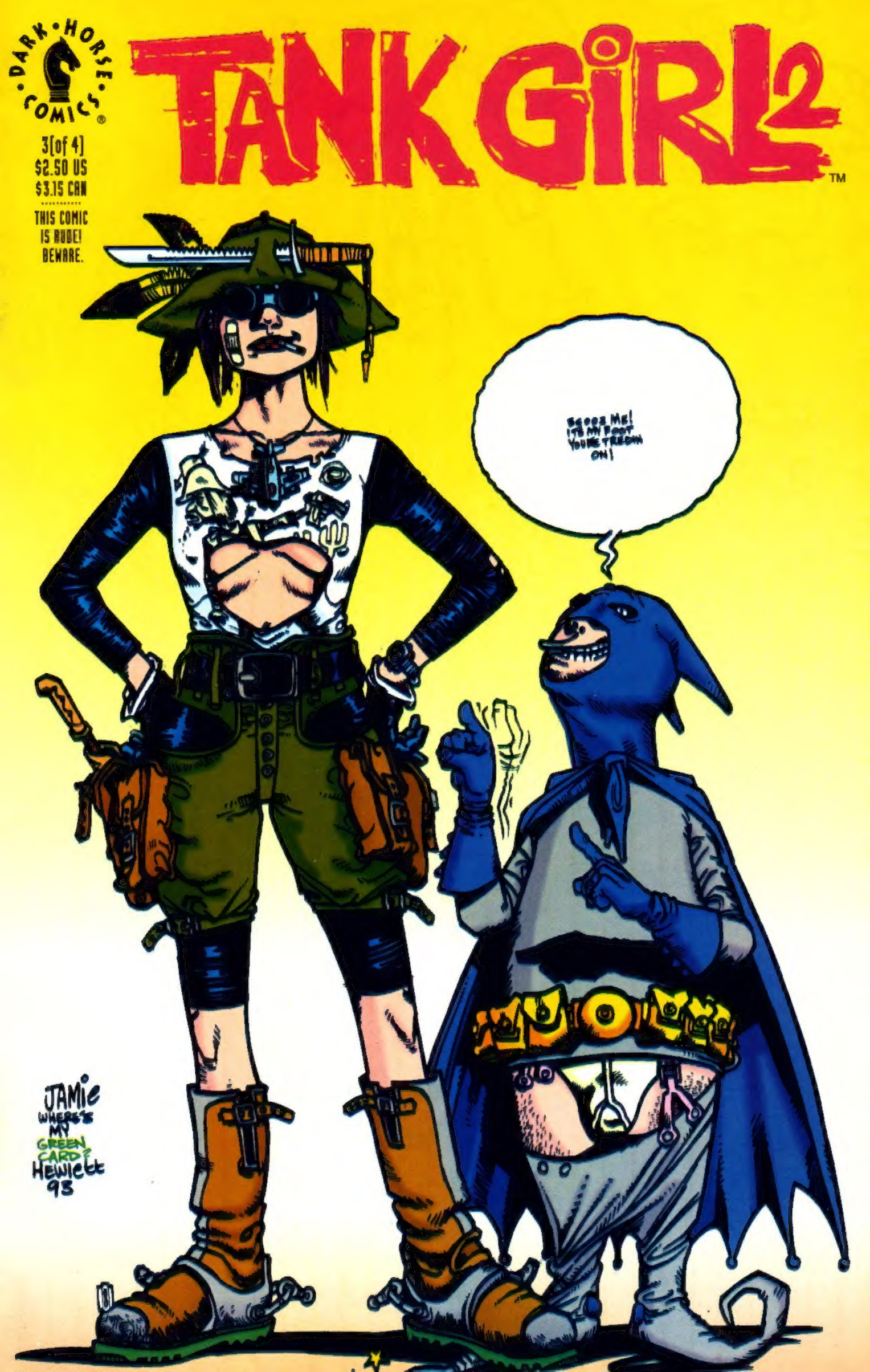
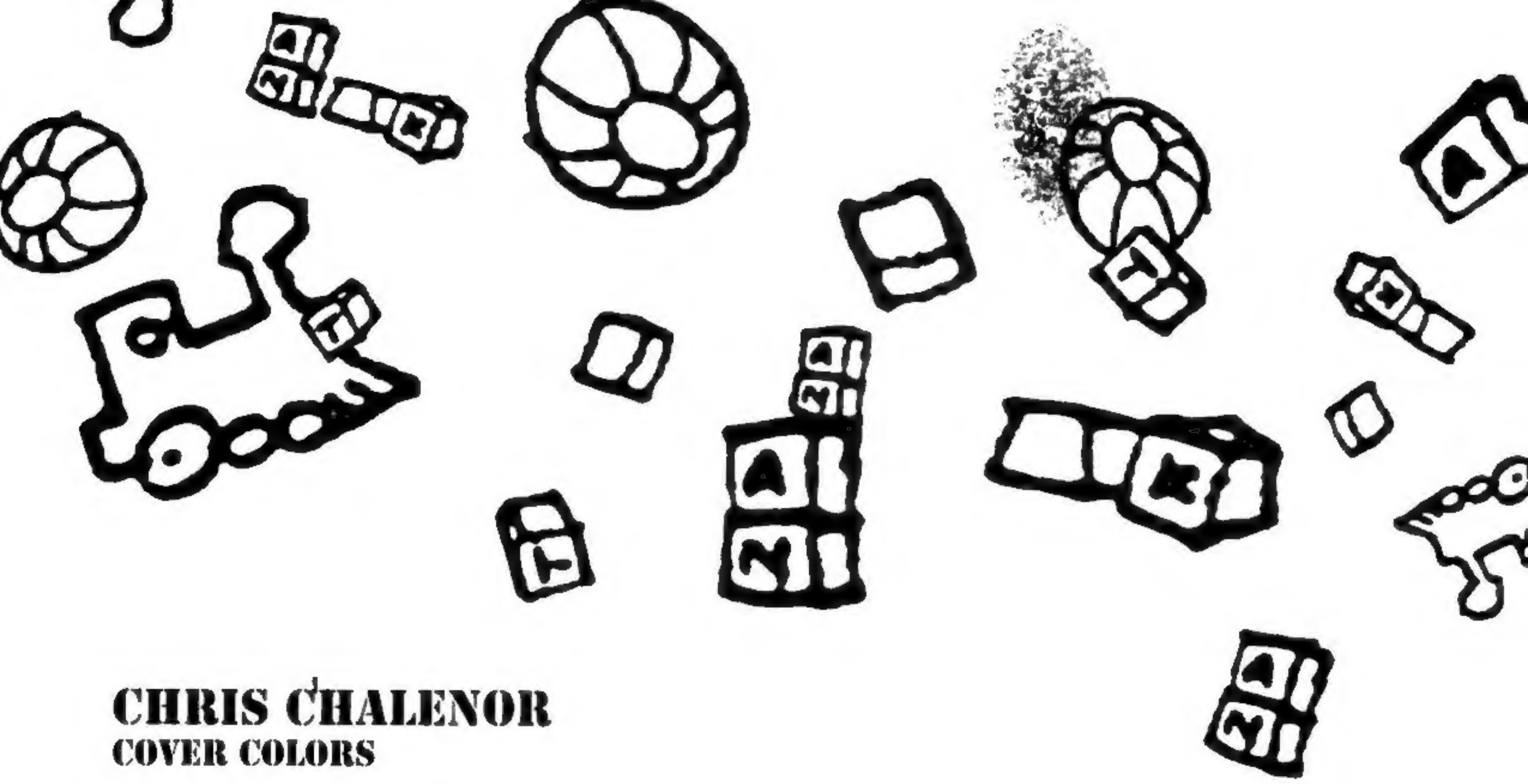

DARK HORSE COMICS®
TANK GIRL 2™
3[of 4]
$2.50 US
$3.15 CAN
THIS COMIC IS RUDE! BEWARE.
EXCUSE ME! IT'S MY FOOT YOU'RE TREADIN ON!
JAMIE WHERE'S MY GREEN CARD? HEWLETT 93



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TANK GIRL 2™

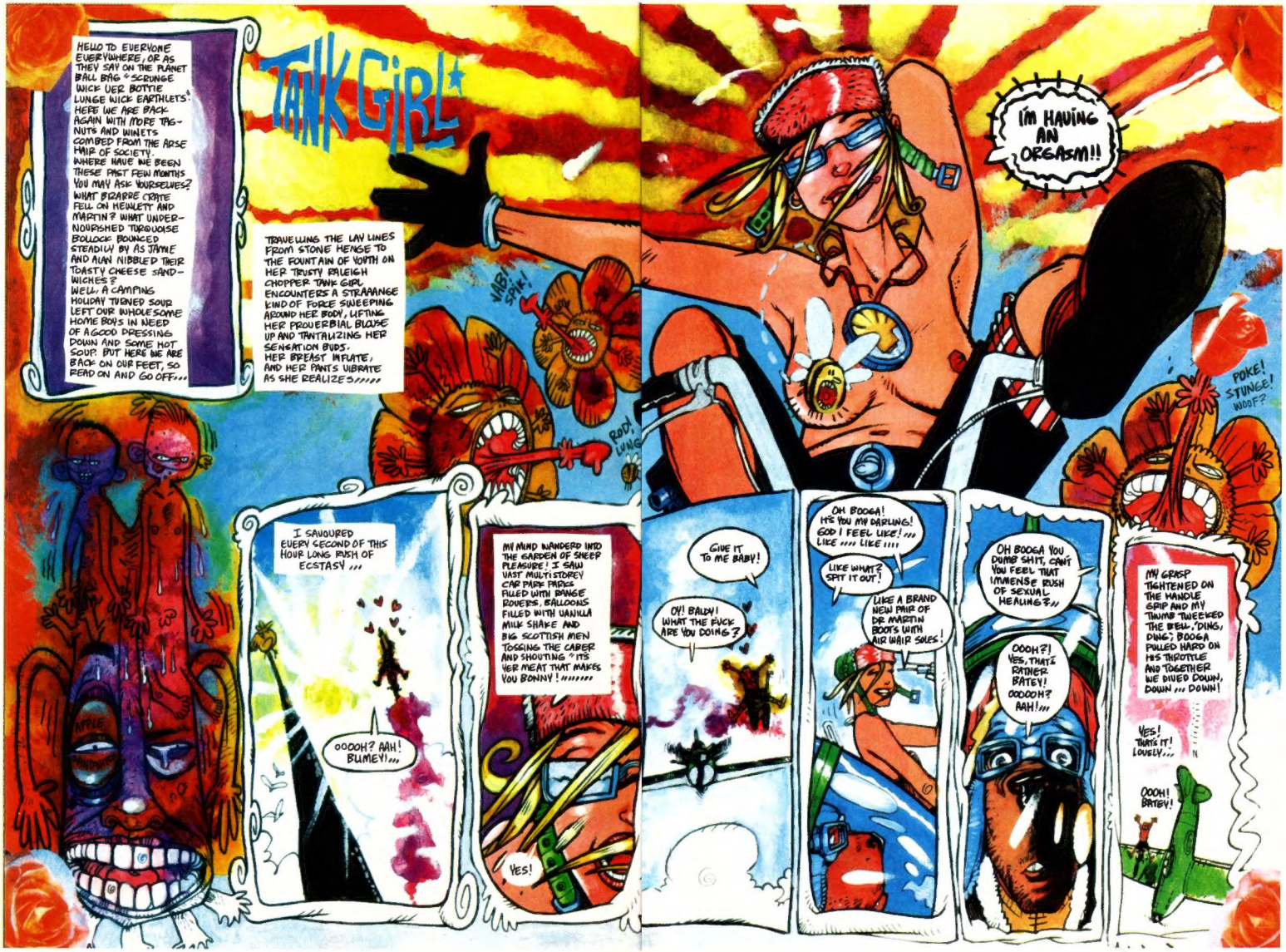
JAMIE HEWLETT

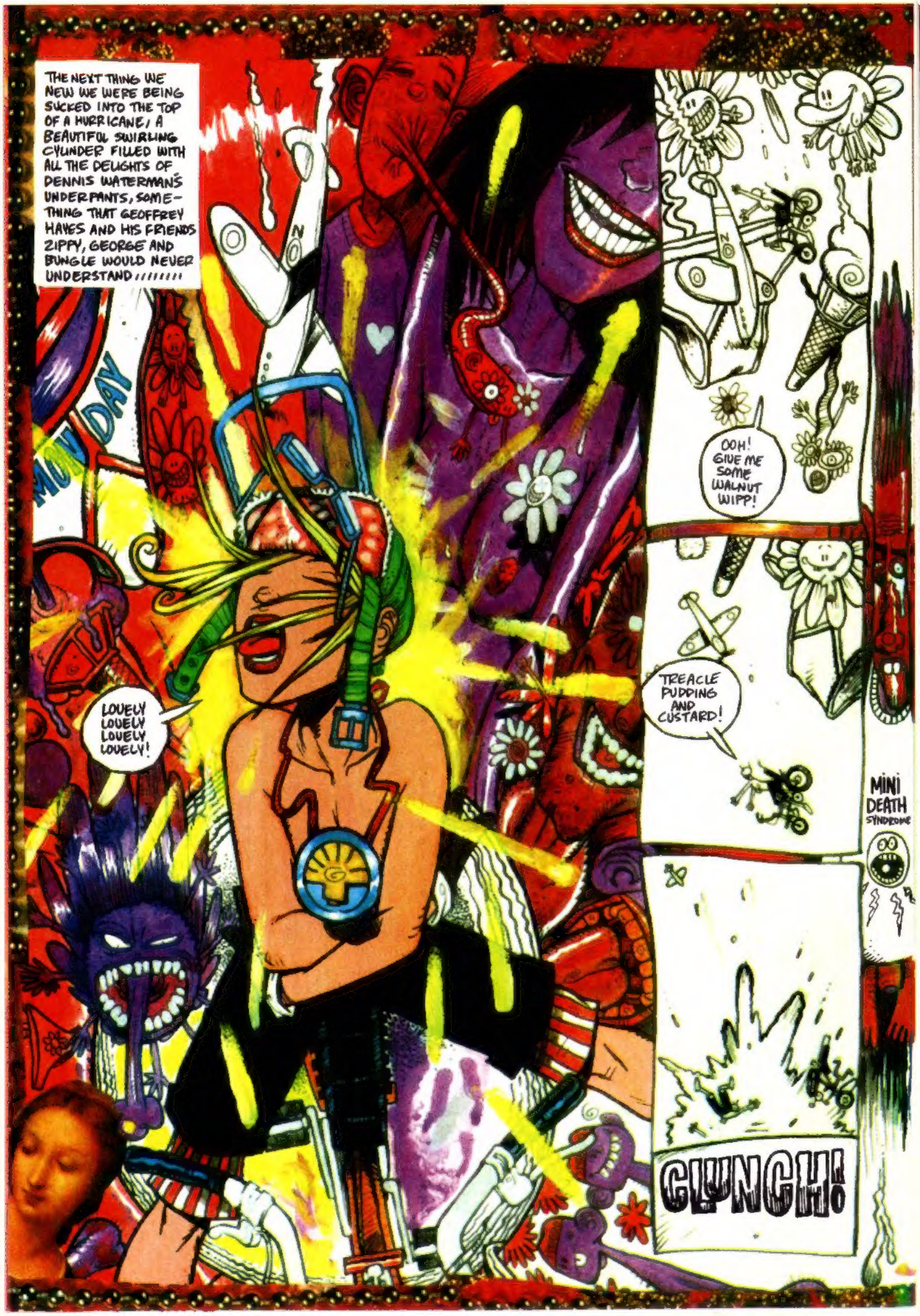
AND

ALAN MARTIN

I SEEM TO BE CYCLING TOWARDS STONE HENGE AT FIVE THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR
I CAME HERE TO FIND A CLUE THAT WOULD TAKE ME TO THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO STONE HENGE?
SO THIS IS THE CLUE. THE CLUE IS A BLUR. IS IT A TEMPLE? IS IT A CHART FOR PLOTTING ASTROLOGICAL MOVEMENTS?
IS IT A BIG LETTER 'O' LIKE BOOGA SAID IT WAS. IS IT THE FINAL PIECE OF THE JIGSAW OF LIFE? ..... THE LOST SEGMENT THAT HAS BEEN SAND-WICHED BETWEEN THE CHAIR AND MOTHER EARTHS BUM SINCE THE PUZZLE WAS BEGUN.
AND A VOICE CAME FROM THE STONES. AND THE FACE OF AN OLD MAN. AND HE SAID, 'SEE THE LINES AND RISE UP.' 'FROM STONE HENGE TO OLD SARUM.' 'FROM STONE-HENGE TO ST. PAULS.' 'FROM STONE TO STONE, FROM TREE TO TREE.
AND I SAW THE LINES. AND I FELT MYSELF RISE.

CAN YOU FLY? CAN I?
I GRIN.
BARROWS SLIP AND TURN AND TWIST. THE CIRCLES ON MY FACE ARE PULLED BY THE MOON AND THE LINES BELOW.
I CAN FLY. FAST. TO THE FOUNTAIN.
TANK GIRL
SUMMER LOVE SENSATION
PART 3
NEXT MONTH:
AUTUMN LOVE CONTINUATION PART 4
©
Hewlett
MARTIN


TANK GIRL
HELLO TO EVERYONE EVERYWHERE, OR AS THEY SAY ON THE PLANET BALL BAG 'SCRUNGE WICK UER BOTTIE LUNGE WICK EARTHLETS'. HERE WE ARE BACK AGAIN WITH MORE TAG-NUTS AND WINETS COMBED FROM THE ARSE HAIR OF SOCIETY. WHERE HAVE WE BEEN THESE PAST FEW MONTHS YOU MAY ASK YOURSELVES? WHAT BIZARRE CRATE FELL ON HEWLETT AND MARTIN? WHAT UNDER-NOURISHED TURQUOISE BOLLOCK BOUNCED STERDILY BY AS JAYNE AND ALAN NIBBLED THEIR TOASTY CHEESE SAND-WICHES? WELL, A CAMPING HOLIDAY TURNED SOUR LEFT OUR WHOLESOME HOME BOYS IN NEED OF A GOOD DRESSING DOWN AND SOME HOT SOUP. BUT HERE WE ARE BACK ON OUR FEET, SO READ ON AND GO OFF...
TRAVELLING THE LAY LINES FROM STONE HENGE TO THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH ON HER TRUSTY RALEIGH CHOPPER TANK GIRL ENCOUNTERS A STRAAANGE KIND OF FORCE SWEEPING AROUND HER BODY, LIFTING HER PROVERBIAL BLOUSE UP AND TANTALIZING HER SENSATION BUDS. HER BREAST INFLATE, AND HER PANTS VIBRATE AS SHE REALIZES.....
VAB! SPAK!
ROD! LUNG!
I'M HAVING AN ORGASM!!
POKE! STUNGE! WOOF?
I SAVOURED EVERY SECOND OF THIS HOUR LONG RUSH OF ECSTASY ...
OOOH? AAH! BLIMEY!...
MY MIND WANDERD INTO THE GARDEN OF SHEEP PLEASURE! I SAW VAST MULTI STOREY CAR PARK PADS FILLED WITH BANGE ROVERS, BALLOONS FILLED WITH VANILLA MILK SHAKE AND BIG SCOTTISH MEN TOSSING THE CABER AND SHOUTING "IT'S HER MEAT THAT MAKES YOU BONNY!".....
YES!
GIVE IT TO ME BABY!
OY! BALDY! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?
OH BOOGA! IT'S YOU MY DARLING! GOD I FEEL LIKE!... LIKE.... LIKE!!!!
LIKE WHAT? SPIT IT OUT!
LIKE A BRAND NEW PAIR OF DR MARTIN BOOTS WITH AIR WAIR SOLES!
OH BOOGA YOU DUMB SHIT, CAN'T YOU FEEL THAT IMMENSE RUSH OF SEXUAL HEALING?!!
OOOH?! YES, THAT'S RATHER BATEY! OOOOH? AAH!...
MY GRASP TIGHTENED ON THE HANDLE GRIP AND MY THUMB TWEEKED THE BELL, 'DING, DING'; BOOGA PULLED HARD ON HIS THROTTLE AND TOGETHER WE DIVED DOWN, DOWN ... DOWN!
YES! THAT'S IT! LOVELY...
OOOH! BATEY!


THE NEXT THING WE NEW WE WERE BEING SUCKED INTO THE TOP OF A HURRICANE, A BEAUTIFUL SWIRLING CYLINDER FILLED WITH ALL THE DELIGHTS OF DENNIS WATERMANS UNDERPANTS, SOMETHING THAT GEOFFREY HAYES AND HIS FRIENDS ZIPPY, GEORGE AND BUNGLE WOULD NEVER UNDERSTAND!!!!!!!!
MUNDAY
LOVELY LOVELY LOVELY LOVELY!
OOH! GIVE ME SOME WALNUT WIPP!
TREACLE PUDDING AND CUSTARD!
MINI DEATH SYNDROME
CLUNCH!

AH! FUCK!

JET! SPIRIT! GOD!

SHHHH...

...IT!

I DONT B...BELIEVE THIS!

TALK ABOUT POP MUSIC

SQUEEK! SQUEEK!

T-THAT MUST BE THE FOUNTAIN?

ARGH!

SHIT!

I'M BLEEDING TO DEATH!!!

GOTTA BATHE IN THE "F" FOUNTAIN!

ON THE HEAD!

GO ON MY SON!

POP POP. POP MUSIC!!

TH-THAT'S N-NOT A FOUNTAIN!!! IT'S-IT'S A BLOODY WATERFALL?

IT'S ABOUT TIME!

LOVELY NINAS ☆

HERE SHE IS!

H-HEWLETT AND M-MARTIN?! OH G-GOD, YOU MUST HELP, HELP-M-ME!!!

W-W-WHERE'S THE FOUNTAIN OF ...Y... YOUTH? ..N.. NEED TO BATHE BATHE!

THIS IS THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH! ONLY IT'S A WATER FALL! THE WATER'S REALLY WARM, WONT YOU COME ON IN?

SHIT! THAT'S A NASTY BUMP YOU HADTHERE!

YOURE FUCKIN' TELLING ME!

WARRPP!

CRIPES SHES PAST OUT!

LOOK! ONE OF HER ARMS IS MISSING!

WHERE?

QUICK ALAN! FETCH THE MAGIC MILLETS SNORKEL PARKA!

WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY AM I SITTING ON THE EDGE OF A PONTINS SWIMMING POOL BLEEDING TO DEATH? WHY ARE THESE TWO TOSSERS HERE? WHAT HAPPENED TO BOOGA? IS MY GRANDMOTHER STILL ALIVE? WILL NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK EVER HAVE ANOTHER TOP TEN HIT? WHY IS THAT RHINO THING WEARING MY KNICKERS ON ITS HORN?

HURRY UP! SHE'S SLIPPING INTO A COMA!

FUT!

HERE IT IS! GUARANTEED TO LAST FOR YEARS, 99% COTTON, ACID PROOF, DOG SHIT RESISTENT!!!

"AND IT COMES IN TWO LOVELY COLOURS, SHIT BROWN AND SHIT BLUE!!!"

BANANA SPLIT

THIS WILL EASE THE PAIN FROM YOUR SEVERED ARM!

IT HAS MAGIC HEALING QUALITYS THAT ONLY MILLETS CLOTHING CAN GIVE YOU!

?

WILL MY ARM GROW BACK NOW?

NO, YOU'LL NEED TO BATHE IN THE FOUNTAIN FOR THAT!

WELL WHAT ARE WE FUCKING WAITING FOR? LET ME IN THERE!!!!

NO! NO YOU CANT, NOT YET!

WE HAVE A FEW THINGS TO SOPT OUT BEFORE WE TAKE THE PLUNGE

WE?

THAT'S RIGHT, WE'RE COMING WITH YOU.

LET ME TRY TO EXPLAIN, THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR HEALING MANY GREAT PEOPLE OVER THE PAST TWO THOUSAND YEARS, PEOPLE LIKE JOAN OF ARC, FRANCIS BACON, CLEOPATRA, ICARUS, ELVIS PRESLEY, BRUCE FORSYTH, SAINT SEBASTIAN, CLIFF RICHARD AND MANY MANY MORE, UNFORTUNATELY THIS HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL ON THE HEALING PROPERTIES OF THE FOUNTAIN (ESPECIALLY AFTER BRUCIES SIXTH ARSE TUCK). ANYHOW! THE BOTTOM LINE IS THIS, THE FOUNTAIN CAN ONLY MANAGE TO HEAL ONE MORE PERSON,

SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS DAMN WRITING

I HOPE IT DOSN'T RUIN THE STORY FOR YOU!

SO YOU'VE GOT TO DECIDE BETWEEN YOUR POOR OLD GRANDMOTHER AND YOURSELF, //// NOW HERE'S THE GOOD PART, IF YOU CHOOSE YOURSELF THAT MEANS THE THREE OF US CAN TAKE THE PLUNGE TOGETHER AND SLIP THROUGH THE TIME PORTAL THAT LAYS BENEATH THE WATERFALL, WE CAN GO ON AND HAVE SOME GREAT ADVENTURES IN ANY TIME ZONE WE FLIPPIN WANT, ITS GREAT! WE CAN WRITE OUR OWN DESTINY, WITH ALANS COSMIC W.H. SMITHS PAD AND PEN! WE CAN BE RICH, WE CAN BE KINGS, QUEENS, WE CAN EVEN BE ASTRONAUTS!!!

//// WHAT DO YOU SAY BIG EARS?

?

HMM?

OK THEN! LETS GO FOR A SWIM!

WHAT HAVE YOU WRITTEN ALAN?

YER, WELL I HAD A COUPLE OF IDEAS BUT THEY HAVENT REALLY MATURED YET, BUT DONT WORRY IM WORKING ON THEM!

WHAT?

WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR TWO WEEKS! YOUVE HAD ALL THAT TIME TO WRITE SOMETHING!

SKWABBLE, TITTER, PANT, MOAN, SKWIBBLE SHABBA SHABBA!

SOD THIS!

GIVE ME THE FRIGGIN PAD. DOPEY! I'LL WRITE OUR DESTINY!!!

THAT WAY I MIGHT LIVE A LITTLE LONGER!

JAMIE 90

COR YOUVE GOT REALLY SCRUFFY HANDWRITING TANK GIRL!

WHY DONT YOU USE YOUR RIGHT HAND?..

AFter JUMPING INTO THE FOUNTAIN OUT

FUCK OFF, SPOTTY!

RIGHT! THAT'LL BLOODY DO!....

WHAT DOES IT SAY? CANT QUITE READ HER WRITING, DOES THAT SAY PUBIC?

NO THAT WORDS PUBLIC SHES MISSED OUT THE L

WHAT'S THAT WORD? DOES THAT SAY HAIR?

NO, NO, NO! THAT'S FAIR! AS IN FUN FAIR!

LOOKS LIKE WERE GOING TO A PUBLIC FAIR!

GREAT! NEVER BEEN TO ONE OF THEM!

WAY HAY!

SMASH

A FEW MINUTES LATER

AH, SHIT. MY HEAD!?

OOH SHIT MY HAIR?

WHAT HAPPENED?

BOOGA CRASHED HIS PLANE ON YOUR HEAD JUST AS YOU WERE JUMPING INTO THE POOL!!!

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE ALL GONE THROUGH SOME BIZZARE KIND OF GENETIC CHANGES!!!

I FEEL STRANGE

MOAN!

LOOK! MY ARMS BACK!!

AND!!!..SHIT. MY HAIR!

WHERE THE HELL ARE WE!?

I FEEL SICK! PLEASE HELP ME DOWN!

YER, JUST AS SOON AS WE FIGURE OUT WHERE WE ARE BOOGA.

MAYBE WERE IN SOME KIND OF FOREST?

DONT BE STUPID

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW A FOREST FULL OF CURLY TREES?

WHAT ABOUT THIS PUBLIC FAIR, TANK GIRL? WHERE IS IT?!!!!

CHUCKLE!! ITS ALL AROUND US ALAN!!!

SNIGGER!

ITS ABSOLUTELY EVERYWHERE!

CHUCKLE!

MEANWHILE, IN SUNNY NOTTINGHAM, INCREDIBLY HANSOME COMIC ARTIST PHILIP JOHN BOND READS HIS NEW ISSUE OF DEADLINE MAGAZINE!!!

THIS ISSUE ELLIOT RESIGNS MICHAEL BONNER TAKES OVER!

CURLERS

SAW BREW

DEADLINE

TEENAGE MUTANT 5 TIMMY MALLET

PANDA WEEKLY

BOG BRUSH

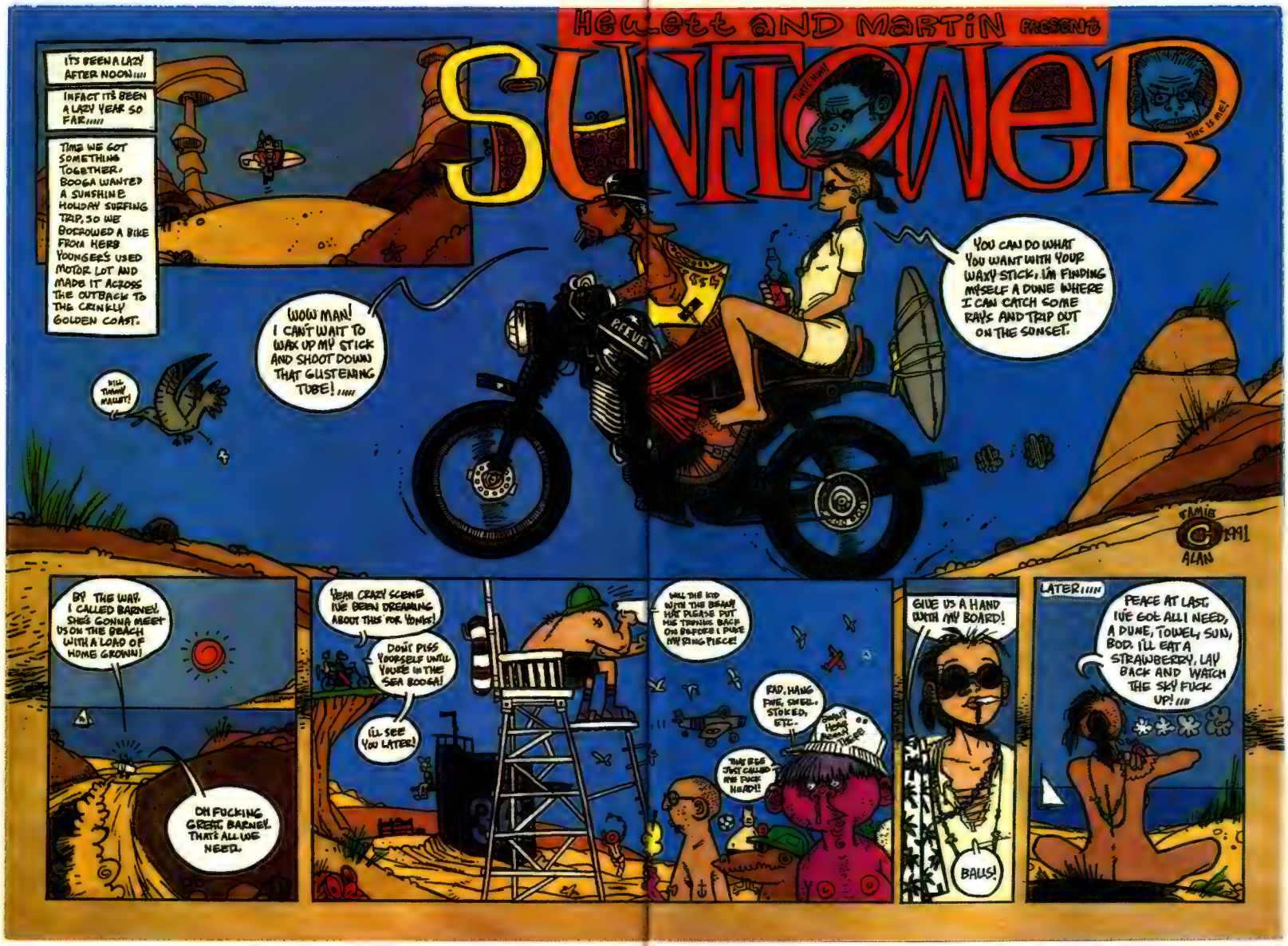
OK IF ITS ALL AROUND US, WHERE THE HELL IS THE BIG WHEEL? OR THE COCO NUT SHY? OR...

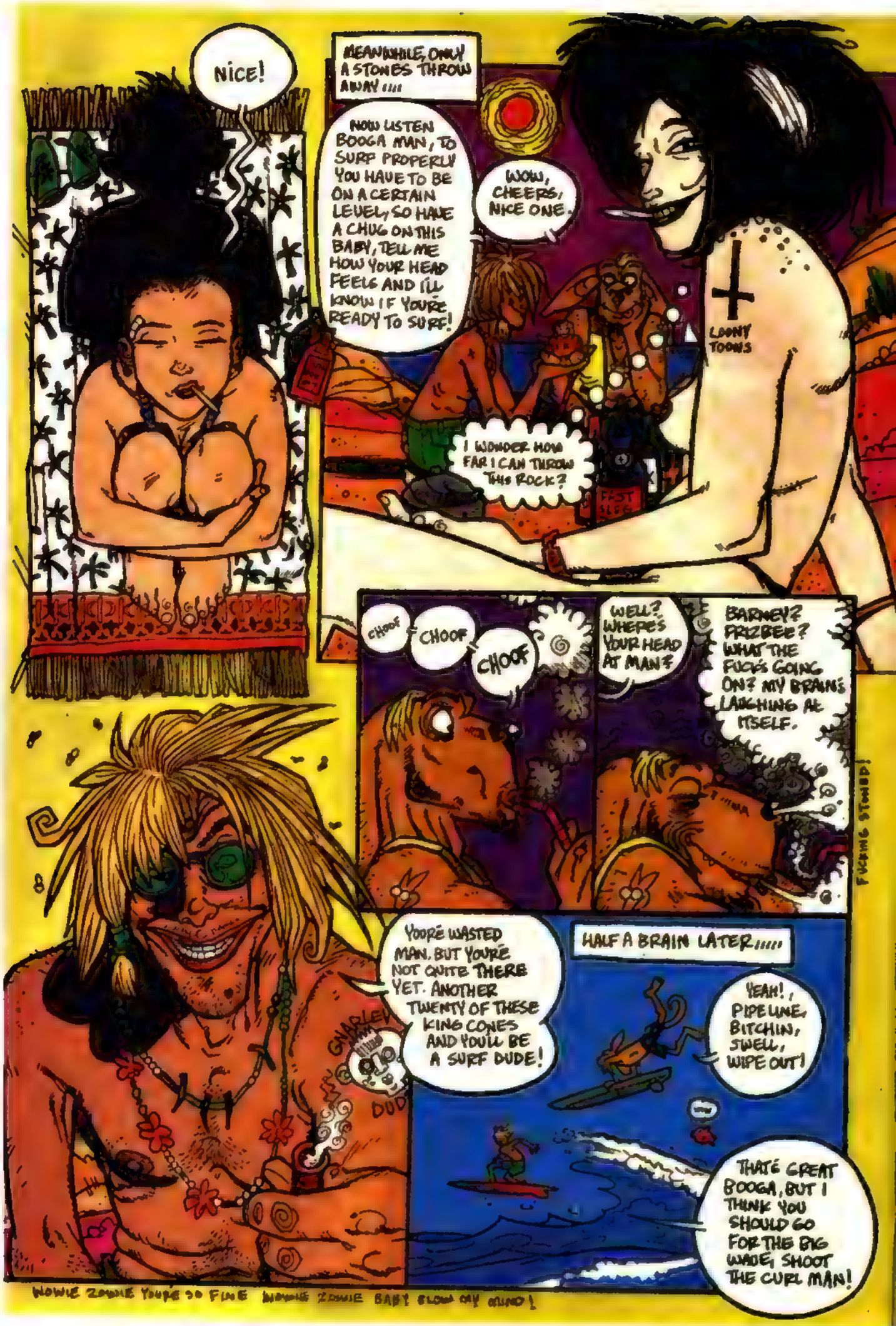
THE END

THIS ONE FOR LOVELY DAVE ELLIOT

Kiss Me
Kiss Me

LOONY TOONS


HEWETT AND MARTIN PRESENT
SUNFLOWER
THAT'S MOM!
THAT IS ME!
IT'S BEEN A LAZY AFTER NOON....
INFACT IT'S BEEN A LAZY YEAR SO FAR.....
TIME WE GOT SOMETHING TOGETHER. BOOGA WANTED A SUNSHINE HOLIDAY SURFING TRIP, SO WE BORROWED A BIKE FROM HERB YOUNGEE'S USED MOTOR LOT AND MADE IT ACROSS THE OUTBACK TO THE CRINKLY GOLDEN COAST.
BILL THROW! MAUST!
WOW MAN! I CAN'T WAIT TO WAX UP MY STICK AND SHOOT DOWN THAT GLISTENING TUBE!.....
YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH YOUR WAXY STICK, I'M FINDING MYSELF A DUNE WHERE I CAN CATCH SOME RAYS AND TRIP OUT ON THE SUNSET.
BY THE WAY, I CALLED BARNEY. SHE'S GONNA MEET US ON THE BEACH WITH A LOAD OF HOME GROWN!
OH FUCKING GREAT BARNEY. THAT'S ALL WE NEED.
YEAH CRAZY SCENE I'VE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT THIS FOR YONKS!
DON'T PISS YOURSELF UNTIL YOU'RE IN THE SEA BOOGA!
I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
WILL THE KID WITH THE BEANY HAT PLEASE PUT HIS TRUNKS BACK ON BEFORE I PUKE MY RING PIECE!
RAD, HANG FIVE, SWELL, STOKED, ETC.
SHIRT! HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN
THAT BEE JUST CALLED ME FUCK HEAD!
GIVE US A HAND WITH MY BOARD!
BALLS!
LATER.....
PEACE AT LAST. I'VE GOT ALL I NEED, A DUNE, TOWEL, SUN, BOD. I'LL EAT A STRAWBERRY, LAY BACK AND WATCH THE SKY FUCK UP!.....
JAMIE C 1991 ALAN


NICE!
MEANWHILE, ONLY A STONES THROW AWAY.....
NOW LISTEN BOOGA MAN, TO SURF PROPERLY YOU HAVE TO BE ON A CERTAIN LEVEL, SO HAVE A CHUG ON THIS BABY, TELL ME HOW YOUR HEAD FEELS AND I'LL KNOW IF YOU'RE READY TO SURF!
WOW, CHEERS, NICE ONE.
LOONY TOONS
I WONDER HOW FAR I CAN THROW THIS ROCK?
FIST SLUG
CHOOF
CHOOF
CHOOF
WELL? WHERE'S YOUR HEAD AT MAN?
BARNEY? FRIZBEE? WHAT THE FUCK'S GOING ON? MY BRAINS LAUGHING AT ITSELF.
FUCKING STONED!
YOORE WASTED MAN, BUT YOURE NOT QUITE THERE YET. ANOTHER TWENTY OF THESE KING CONES AND YOU'LL BE A SURF DUDE!
HALF A BRAIN LATER.....
YEAH!, PIPELINE, BITCHIN, SWELL, WIPE OUT!
THAT'S GREAT BOOGA, BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD GO FOR THE BIG WAVE, SHOOT THE CURL MAN!
HOWIE ZOWIE YOURE SO FINE HOWIE ZOWIE BABY BLOW MY MIND!

HAVE YOU SEEN THE SKY TODAY? IT'S FULL OF ANGELS. BEAUTIFULL YOUNG ANGELS AND WISE OLD CRUMBLY ONES.
THE OLD ONES WATCH OVER OUR WORLD....
THE YOUNG ONES TAKE CARE OF US.
SOMETIMES I SEE THEIR COSMIC SHIPS, AND THEY TAKE ME UP AMONGST THEM.
JIMI!

MORAL: IF YOOFE GOING TO TAKE DRUGS AND DRAW COMICS PLEASE MAKE SURE YOU HAVE AN ADULT PRESENT! THIS ONE FOR GRAHAM + JANE
SOUND TRACK: RAINBOW BRIDGE! STUNT CO-ORDINATOR: JULIAN COPE! DEAD POOL THE BLOKE WHO INVENTED POSTER MAGAZINES!! X

SCRIPT: ALAN LOVE CHOAS MARTIN
DRAWINGS: JAMIE PEANUT BUTTER HEWLETT
DESIGN & MATTPLN LESTFOOTER WAKEHAM!

IF YOU DON'T LOOSEN UP YOU'LL DO YOURSELF A MISCHIEF.....
LOOK INTO MY EYES MR.POLICEMAN, MAN. TRUST ME, IT WOULD MAKE ABSOLUTELY NO SENSE TO ARREST ME. LOOK DEEP INTO MY EYES MAN.
....LOOK DEEP INTO MY EYES BECOME ONE WITH MY PUPILS, BE MY PUPIL.
DEEP IN MY HEART
THAT IS KNACKERED OLD HIPPIES....
WE'RE ALL STUDENTS OF EACH OTHER MAN.
WE'RE ALL . . . PT OF THE HUGE VIBRATING JELLY THAT IS POLICEMEN . . .
THAT IS WRANGLER JEANS..
THAT IS YOU.
WHEN YOU MOVE, THE JELLY VIBRATES. LET'S ALL GO WOBBLY TOGETHER... WHEN THE JELLY MOVES, YOU VIBRATE.

ONCE YOU CAN PERCIEVE HOW GOOD IT IS TO WEAR WRANGLERS, THEN YOU CAN KNOW HOW GOOD EVERYTHING ELSE IS.
IT'S ALL PART AND PARCEL.
THE SOUP IS HOT, THE JEANS ARE COOL.
THE SOUP IS COLD, THE JEANS ARE OUT.
LET US HEAR THESE WORDS ECHOED FROM EVERY CORNER AND DEAD END OF THE UNIVERSE.
afterglow
ASKEY & HUNCH
MUST P.J. PROBY CARRY THE BUREN FOR EVERY MAN?

FAIRY TALE
ONCE UPOF A TIME THERE WAS A KNACKERED LITTLE GOBLIN who
AND GIMBLE IN THE TOLJEE WOOD.
AND WITH ABO DOOHU THE MAGICK JEANIE HE SOLD HIS MOST SPECIAL
MAGICK CAKES IN THE SHIRE MARKET PLACE...
SINGING
JOLLY GOOD LUCK TO YOUR TROUSERS
GOOD LUCK TO THE BARLEY MOW
JOLLY GOOD LUCK TO YOUR TROUSERS
GOOD LUCK TO THE BARLEY MOW
OH, GOOD LUCK TO THE BUTTONS
THE THREAD
THE LENGTH
THE SIDES THE POCKETS
AND YOUR TOE
IT'S GOOD LUCK
GOOD LUCK
GOOD LUCK TO THE BARLEY MOW AND ALL THAT
2¾
.....
AND IT CAME TO PASS IN THE SHIRE OF BOTTWATER THAT THE EVIL
CHIMNEY SWEEP BADWYN D'BAG HAD A CONTRACT FROM THE GOVERNOR TO
CLEAN ALL OF THE CHIMNEYS IN THE TOWN.
AND THE OTHER CHIMNEY SWEEPS HAD TO BEG FOR THEIR FOOD BECAUSE
BADWYN WAS EARNING THEIR WAGES.
ONE DAY WHEN BADWYN WAS CLEANING THE CHIMNEY IN THE MIDDLE OF TH
MARKET HE PUT HIS FOOT ON A LOOSE BRICK AND FELL HALF A MILE TO
THE MARKET BELOW. NOBODY NOTICED THE SPLOSH AS HE LANDED IN THE
LITTLE GOBLINS CAKE MIXTURE.
OVER THE NEXT FOUR WEEKS HE SLOWLY DISOLVED , EVENTUALY HE HAD
BEEN COMPLETELY BAKED INTO MAGICK CAKES AND EVERYONE IN THE SHIRE
HAD EATEN SOMOE OF HIM.
AND THE STRANGEST THING IS NO-ONE TASTED THE BADNESS IN THE
CAKE.
AND THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS
IT'S ALL KARMA
"IT'S ALL KARMA"?

GET HIS TROUSERS OFF!... HE CAN'T HACK IT!
KARMA?... OH WOW! GET ME BACK TO THE STATION BOYS, I'VE GOT THIS MYSTERY CRACKED!
SNAP OUT OF IT!... YOU'VE BEEN OUT COLD FOR MINUTES!

RIGHT THEN MEN, WHAT HAVE YOU COME UP WITH ON THE SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT?
BACK AT THE STATION...
WELL, IT IS WHAT IT IS.... I'M HANDING MY BADGE CAPTAIN, BUT BEFORE I GO I'VE GOT A SMALL GIFT FOR YOU...
HMM, WRANGLER JEANS, AND IN MY SIZE TOO!
FIGURE THE MYSTERY OUT FOR YOURSELF MAN, I'M GOING BACK ON THE ROAD. JUST ME AND MY WRANGLERS.
THE LIVING ENID.

TANK GIRL in THE GUIDE TO TOY!

HOWLETH AND MARKEN'S

NO. 1

THE JOY OF SWEARING!

THE ART OF SWEARING LIES IN KNOWING WHEN TO SWEAR AND WHEN NOT TO SWEAR. SOME SWEAR WORDS ARE ACCEPTABLE AND SOME ARE TOTALLY ILLEGAL. SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS WHICH CATEGORY THE FOLLOWING OBSCENITIES FIT INTO.....

KNOCKERS!

YOZZER!

HAM SANDWICH

HAN SOLO!

HAIR PIE!

JAPS EYE!

ANUS, DIRTBOX, AND SHITTER!

BUM HOLE, WINNETS, CHUGNUTS, AND BROWN STARFISH!

BOTTY?

CRAP!

STINKY FANNY!

NOB CHEDDAR!!!!!

ON TOAST!

SEXUAL INTERCOURSE?

FUCK OFF!

NO.2 THE JOY OF SEX.

FOR THIS DEMONSTRATION WE NEED TWO GUINEA PIGS. HERE WE FIND THE PERFECT SPECIMENS, TANK GIRL AND BOOGA, TAKING A ROMANTIC STROLL IN KOALA PARK.

DARTH VADER IS COOL

IF WE HURRY BACK WE CAN CATCH THE WONDER YEARS, DREAM ON, AND TEENAGE HEALTH FREAK ON T.V.

I'D RATHER FUCK YOU STUPID!

DONT CALL ME STUPID, SHIT FOR BRAINS.

I DIDNT CALL YOU STUPID SHIT FOR BRAINS!

SHALL WE CARRY ON THIS CRAP JOKE FOR A BIT LONGER OR SHALL WE GO BACK TO THE TANK AND GET THE LARD OUT?

THE PERFECT SETTING FOR SEX. THE LIGHTS ARE LOW, BOOGA IS DUM, CHAMPAGNE IS CHILLED, AND THE SMELL OF RECENTLY WASHED NUTS PERMEATES THE AIR.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY PROTECTION BOOGA?

I'VE GOT A SWITCH BLADE AND SOME KNUCKLE DUSTERS IN MY WAISTCOAT.

NO YOU PRAT, I MEAN A RUBBER!

HOW CAN I PROTECT MYSELF WITH A RUBBER FUCK KNIFE?

THAT WAS ALANS JOKE NOT MINE

BEFORE THE DOCKING COMMENCES, LET US TAKE A QUICK LOOK AT THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE MALE AND FEMALE BODY.

BOOGA HAS A FLAT FUNCTIONLESS CHEST UNLIKE TANK GIRL WHO HAS FULL, FIRM, ROUNDED BREASTS WHICH CARRY MILK AFTER CHILD BIRTH. WELL WORTH A GOOD GIFTING, HEY BOYS? /////

BOOGA HAS A PENIS AND TESTICLES, THE TESTES ARE HELD BY THE SCROTUM (AND SOMETIMES BY GIRLS). THE PENIS HELMET IS HOUSED IN THE FORESKIN.

SCROTUM

HELMET

FORESKIN

TESTICLES

TANK GIRL HAS A VAGINA, WHICH IS COVERED IN A PROTECTIVE CUSHIONING LAYER OF PUBIC HAIR.

GUT

CUSHION

'ANG ON A MINUTE, WHERES YOUR WILLY?

BALLS TO THIS, I'M OFF OUT OF HERE BEFORE OUR RATINGS DROP LOWER THAN THEY WERE LAST TIME WE COULDNT THINK OF A DECENT STORY.

THAT WAS AMIES JOKE! T MINE!

WHAT ABOUT THE PUNCHLINE?

OK BOOGA, WHAT DO YOU NEED TO START A FARM?

DUNNO?

TWO ACRES!

BAP!

HAR! THAT WAS MY MUMS JOK

NO.3 THE JOY OF THE MIND.

IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT THE HUMAN RACE ONLY USE 10% OF THEIR FULL BRAIN POTENTIAL. THIS IS NOT SO WITH MY PATIENT TANK GIRL, HERE IS HER CASE-BOOK SHOWING AN ACTIVE MIND DEVELOPING AND BLOOMING WITHIN THE SPACE OF 25 YEARS.

DR. MEWLITIN III

SHIT NAPPY.

THEN I'LL CRY!

IF I DON'T CATCH THIS BALL I WILL DIE OF CANCER BEFORE I'M TWELVE!

IF I DO CATCH THE BALL, ALL THE BOYS IN MY STREET WILL FANCY ME, AND SHOW ME THEIR KNOBS.

P'OOW!

PIK!

K-TING!

ZING!

CRACK!

PING

POW!

BETTER HAVE A BATH TONIGHT.

CAN'T GET OUT OF THE BATH UNTIL I KNOCK THE SHAMPOO BOTTLE OFF MY HEAD WITH THE SOAP.

SPLOP!

P.NUT SHAM. POOO

I'VE GOT TO JUMP OVER THE SHADOWS THE CARS MAKE ON THE PAVEMENT, AS THEY SPEED BY, OTHER WISE MY LEGS WILL BE HACKED OFF MY BODY!

ZOOM! ZOOM!

IF THE PHONE RINGS BEFORE THE END OF 'HOME AND AWAY' BOOGA WILL DIE IN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES AND HIS BODY WILL NEVER BE FOUND.

IF I DON'T KEEP MY EYES SHUT FOR THIRTY-FIVE SECONDS THERE'LL BE A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST AND WE'LL ALL BURN TO DEATH AND I WON'T GET SCALEXTRICS FOR XMAS AND INSECTS WILL TAKE OVER THE PLANET.

BEEP BEEP

BEEP!

AND YOUR NEXT CATEGORY IS ART.... WHAT YEAR WAS THE BEGINNING OF PICASSO'S

.....

THREE DANCERS, 1925!

SURREALIST PHASE?

MONA LISA, 1958?

WRONG!

NO, THE ANSWER IS THE THREE DANCERS, 1925.

HA! SHIT WANKER!

YOU'D HAVE TO BE A BLOODY IDIOT TO STICK THAT UP YOUR BACKSIDE

MAGNUM CHAMPAGNE BONTOUR

UPON READING THE COMIC, ONE MIGHT BEGIN TO WONDER WHY **TANK GIRL** ASSOCIATES WITH A **KANGAROO** RATHER THAN SOME OTHER FORM OF LIFE INDIGENOUS TO AUSTRALIA, SUCH AS A KOALA OR WOMBAT. WELL, THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE...

FIRST OF ALL, TRUE KANGAROOS (OF WHICH **BOOGA** IS AN EXAMPLE, THOUGH WHETHER HE IS A FORESTER, GREAT GREY KANGAROO, OR GREAT RED KANGAROO IS NEVER MADE QUITE CLEAR) LACK SWEAT GLANDS IN EVERY AREA BUT FOR THE WRIST, HENCE THERE IS NO CHANCE FOR SWEAT-RELATED BODY ODOR TO **ANNOY** TANK GIRL. IN ADDITION, THE MALE TRUE KANGAROO HAS VARIOUS MEANS OF **COMBAT**, FROM REARING BACK ON ITS TAIL TO RELEASE A POWERFUL KICK FROM ITS HIND LEGS TO "BOXING" OR RAKING ITS OPPONENT WITH ITS FOREARMS. MALE TRUE KANGAROOS HAVE THE ADDED BENEFIT OF POSSESSING PENISES WITH **TWO** TIPS RATHER THAN THE USUAL ONE, SO SOME SORT OF, UM, FRENCH TICKLER EFFECT OR SOME SUCH THING IS APPARENTLY EVIDENT TO TANK GIRL. OF COURSE, SINCE POST-APOCALYPTIC AUSTRALIA IS QUITE DRY AND BECAUSE DRY SEASONS OFTEN LEAD TO A LACK OF MALE KANGAROO REPRODUCTIVE ACTIVITY, THE USE OF THE DOUBLE-HEADER WOULD BE QUITE RARE AT BEST. A **FINAL** BENEFIT BOOGA CAN PROVIDE OVER KOALA, HUMAN, OR WOMBAT, IS THAT TANK GIRL CAN HOP ON HIS BACK AND, IF HE DECIDES TO GO BOUNDING ACROSS THE OUTBACK, SHE CAN RECEIVE A **FREE** MODE OF TRASPORT-ATION AND AMUSEMENT PARK-TYPE RIDE ALL IN ONE! FOR THESE REASONS, IT'S PLAIN TO SEE WHY TANK GIRL HAS A **PREFERENCE** FOR **LARGE** MARSUPIALS.

— CURTIS TSUJI 3.29.93

IT WAS A YOUNG COUPLE, THEY LOOKED IN A BAD WAY. ALLEN STOPPED THE CAR AND WE BOTH PEERED THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN, WONDERING WHAT THE HELL WAS GOING ON.

PLEASE, SIRS, IT'S MY BOYFRIEND, I THINK HE'S DYING. PLEASE HELP HIM!

NEXT ISSUE!